

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

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The Fountain of Eternal Youth

By Evangelist Hyman J. Appelman, D.D.

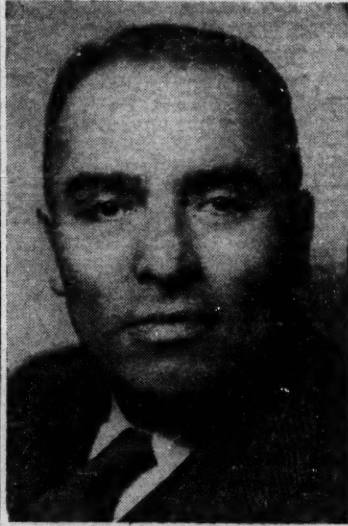
"In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."—John 7:37.

We are told in our American histories that De Soto, the Spanish explorer, in the early days of the discovery and colonization of our glorious land, landed on the shores of Florida with the thought of finding the legendary Fountain of Youth. Of course, he never found it. He is buried somewhere beneath the waters of the mighty Mississippi. Others have followed in the searchings of De Soto: beauty culture, medical science, gland transplantation. Men have transplanted the glands of monkeys into human beings, as though the poor apes were not already suffering enough from the base accusation that they are responsible by evolutionary descent, or ascent, depending on whether you are looking up from man or down from the anthropoids, for men's vagaries. Many other things have been tried to prolong the longevity, the vitality, the youth of the human family. All have successively failed. Here, however, there is proposed by God, there is proffered by the Lord Jesus Christ, there is presented by the Holy Spirit a real fountain, not only of the passing youth, but of life, of eternal life, of eternal youth, of everlasting vigor and joy.

The setting of the story is simple. The feast here referred to is the Feast of the Tabernacles. It lasted eight days, with the first and last days as the greatest, the last especially. On that day the priests were wont to bring up water from the pool of Siloam to offer to the Lord while they sang, "With joy shall ye draw water from the wells of salvation." Our

Lord improved the occasion by inviting the people of His day and time, and of all the succeeding ages and generations, to partake of the water of life. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

This is a thirsty world. There is physical thirst, mental thirst, moral thirst, spiritual thirst.



DR. HYMAN J. APPELMAN

There is the thirst of the artist for beauty. There is the thirst of the scientist for knowledge. There is the thirst of the toiler for ease. There is the thirst for wealth. There is the thirst for peace. (Continued on page five)

UNSEEN RESOURCES

Christians Should Rely on the Unseen, Eternal Resources of God; Unseen Provision and Protection and the Unseen Presence

By Evangelist John R. Rice

Hagar, the Egyptian servant girl of Sarah whom she gave to be Abraham's wife, and then hated, has always had my sympathy. Sarah and Abraham doubted that God would give Sarah a child when she was old, and they agreed to help God keep his promise of a son and heir by having Abraham take the slave girl as a wife. The story is told in Genesis, chapters 16 to 21. There is small wonder that when the Egyptian girl conceived a child "her mistress was despised in her eyes" (Gen. 16:4). Sarah made the life of her servant woman miserable, greatly to Abraham's distress, and he later was instructed to hearken to Sarah and send the defenseless woman and her child out into the pitiless wilderness. The poor mother went away with a bottle of water and some bread, and when the water was gone she laid her child down to die and hid her face from his suffering with the despairing tears

of a mother's anguish. But God had not forgotten. Genesis 21:16-19 says:

"And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What alleth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."

The Unseen Well

There near at hand was a bountiful well of water. (Continued on page four)

Pursuing Dead Dogs and Fleas

"After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea."—I Sam. 24:14

By Rev. Robert G. Lee, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D.
Pastor Bellevue Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee

(We are grateful to Dr. Lee for the manuscript of this great sermon. His secretary says it was preached three times in Bellevue Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee; the last time on Sunday, May 20, 1945 when about twenty-five people came forward on the invitation. On May 23, 1937 it was a baccalaureate sermon there to a high school graduating class. The sermon has been widely used by Dr. Lee with great blessing.)

"And it came to pass, when Saul was returned from following the Philistines, that it was told him, saying, Behold, David is in the wilderness of Engedi. Then Saul took three thousand chosen men out of all Israel, and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats. And he came to the sheepcotes by the way, where was a cave; and Saul went in to cover his feet: and David and his men remained in the sides of the cave. And the men of David said unto him, Behold the day of which the Lord said unto thee, Behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand, that thou mayest do to him as it shall seem good unto thee. Then David arose, and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily. And it came to pass afterward, that David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt. And he said unto his men, The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the anointed of the Lord. So David stayed his servants with these words, and suffered them not to rise against Saul. But Saul rose up out of

the cave, and went on his way. David also arose afterward, and went out of the cave, and cried after Saul, saying, My lord the king. And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself. And David said to Saul, Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to day into mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee: but mine eye spared thee; and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. As saith the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. After whom is the

king of Israel come out? after whom does thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea."

—I Samuel 24:1-14

I have sometimes wished that I might hear a man who has loved the Scriptures and who has searched the Scriptures preach on texts which we might gather together and call, "The Overlooked Texts or Verses of the Bible."

In the Old Testament we find Christ concealed just as in the (Continued on page two)



DR. ROBERT G. LEE

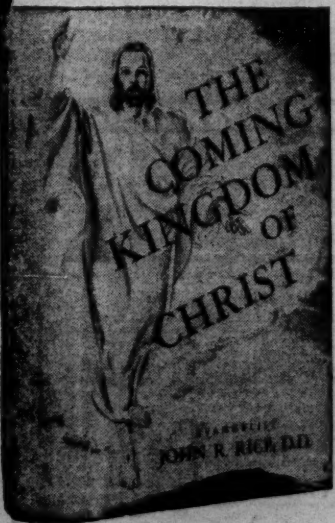
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God's promise to Abraham that he and his seed (Jesus Christ), should inherit Palestine forever; How God promised David that his seed (Jesus again), should sit on David's throne, restoring his kingdom on earth; how the angel Gabriel promised the same thing to Mary before the birth of the Saviour, that He should "sit on the throne of his father David and rule over the house of Jacob forever." Learn how and when these promises, and many others like them, will be fulfilled; how Christians will return to the earth with Christ to reign with Him; how "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea"; how "the law shall go forth from Jerusalem"; how "He shall be king over all the earth"; how the Lord's prayer will be answered, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Here is clear teaching about the rapture of the saints, the raising of the bodies of the Christian dead, the honeymoon in Heaven which we will have with Jesus when He takes us to see His (Continued on page six)



Pursuing Dead Dogs and Fleas

(Continued from page one)

New Testament we find Him revealed. The Old Testament unfolds Christ; the New Testament unfolds Christ. The Old Testament promises Christ; the New Testament presents Christ. The Old Testament prophesies Christ; the New Testament produces Christ. Jesus is the theme of the Old and the New Testaments. He Himself said, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me"; and "Moses wrote of me."

I do not at all walk with the presumptuous step of a know-it-all when I come to ask you to put your mind afresh upon what we might call an unusual text in this blessed Word which our mothers stained with grateful tears, which our fathers touched with reverent hands, and which wise men believed as the inspired, infallible, inerrant Word of God.

A King After Trifles!

"After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea." You heard the Scripture which I read to you which we might call in some respects a comedy and a tragedy in one in the Old Testament narrative, something grotesquely hideous, something that would almost make one laugh. If you saw a great football star like Red Grange running down across the path, and you asked him what he was running after, and he should say, "I am chasing a flea," you would laugh. Then you might be sad to think of a man giving such energy and time to that.

If you saw some man who had a Ph.D. degree or some other sort of degree (sometimes which does not amount to much); if you saw some psychologist, who labels himself a scholar and tells us what we already know in words we do not understand, going down through the woods, and you asked him, "What are you going after?" and he should say, "I am going to live with a dead dog," you would wonder if he needed examining above the ears or whether he had vacant rooms to rent in the attic. Yet we find here such a picture which this dear Book of God presents to us. Notice what David said, "After whom is the king of Israel come out? after a flea, after a dead dog."

Here is a man with a crown, with a sceptre, with a throne, with a fat treasury, with a great army, with a dynamic personality, head and shoulders above the common crowd, the anointed of the Lord as the king of the nation, who had old Samuel the prophet for his friend; yet this man, with all his throne, with his palace, with his nation, and he himself called the King of Israel, is chasing a flea! going on the trail of a dead dog which cannot bark, which cannot do anything but stink!

You say that is a very grotesque, ancient picture. Yes, the picture is grotesque, but it is just as up-to-date as Memphis today, just

as up-to-date as the life of some young man, some young woman in this audience who has been foolish enough until this hour to say "No" to Jesus, who has been the Jesse James of his own life's highway, the John Dillinger of his own personality, the thief of his own life by saying "No" to Jesus; going out after something worth no more when he gets it than a flea, worth no more when he possesses it than a dead dog! "After what is the king come out? after a flea."

Oh, what a picture we have of great power prostituted to little old cheap and base ends; what a picture we have of a man shooting a cannon at sparrows, like lassoing tabby cats with ropes, using battleship anchor chains for a bateau, charging an ant hill with a drawn sword, cruising for beetles in a battleship. That is the picture we have in the Bible. We see it all around us today, on every street, in every church, in every political organization, in every realm of business, in every educational institution—we have that picture of people in their worthless pursuits, giving their bodily energies, their mental faculties, their spiritual possibilities to something that leads to the land

Dr. Robert G. Lee is pastor of the Bellevue Baptist Church in Memphis, Tennessee, one of the great Baptist churches of the South. He is a native of South Carolina and a graduate of Furman University. He also has a Ph.D. degree from Chicago Law School. Ordained to the ministry in 1910, he has since held notable pastorates in Charleston, South Carolina, New Orleans, Louisiana, and Memphis, Tennessee. He was president of the Baptist State Convention of Tennessee for four consecutive years, and has been honored in many ways by the Southern Baptist Convention.

During the seventeen years at Bellevue Baptist Church, Memphis, he has had 10,000 additions to his church, and he has led his denomination for many years in the number of baptisms.

Dr. Lee is a member of the Board of Judges of "The Sword Book Club" and the author of the Club's second monthly selection: "Be Ye Also Ready." See ad in this paper for further information about "The Sword Book Club."

of "nobody-ism" in which the chief object they find is a dead dog, a flea not worth having when they catch it.

We find that in people who change their heavenly principles that God means for them to have for loose expediencies, people who change high ideals for working compromises, people who miss life's central melody and become victims of dawning ditties, people who say, "My mind is from God, I shall use it to find a flea. My body is from God, I shall use it to find me a dead dog. My mental powers, my all is from God, the giver of every good and perfect gift; I will prove my love to Him, I will show Him how wise I am by taking the trail that will bring me eventually to a dead dog which I can't eat, which I can't have companionship with, which I shall loathe. I shall use all these to chase a flea."

I have seen beautiful women on flea chases. I have seen strong men chasing fleas. "After whom is the king of Israel come out?" What do you have your crown for, your sceptre for, your throne for, your kingdom for, your army for, Saul? To catch a flea! That is

the chase you are on. You will come to a dead dog. That is the trail you are taking with your crowned head, with your sceptred hand, with your enthronement, with your rulership, with your power, with your fine personality. That is the trail you are on, King Saul, chasing a flea!

To Chase Pleasure Is To Pursue A Dead Dog, A Flea

People chase fleas in this world today. I suppose the dissecting knives of some theological anatomists would cut what I am going to say all to pieces, but I do not care! But I am saying this to you, you can look all around you in this world today and read newspapers today and find people who are so absorbed in having a good time, who are so engrossed in worldly pleasures until they themselves are on flea chases and on the trails that bring them not to a throne, and not to a kingdom, but to a garbage heap with a dead dog on top of it.

Mrs. Browning says,
"World voices east,
World voices west,
Call me hard
From Thine early rest."

And there are world voices today that ask people not to try to put meaning into life, not to put sacrifice nor love nor faith nor consecration into life, but to try to get just a good time out of life and make this short life long with a good time and squeeze the orange of worldly pleasure until the last drop is out and ride the merry-go-round until the merry-go-round breaks down, breaks down, and then get into the Devil's wheel-barrow and ask him to push you until you come to where the flea is and where the dead dog is! That is the way a lot of people live today.

So many people object to old Bulwer who said, "Even the strongest mind is made frivolous by much attention to pleasure." They rush by the warning semaphore that Shenstone holds out when he says, "What brings so much unhappiness is so many people making pleasure the chief aim of their lives." So many people give deaf ears to what Cowper said when he said that pleasure makes the whole course of life unhappy and the end of it is miserable. People do not listen to Beecher who says, "Any pleasure outside of usefulness is painted with poison." So many people are deaf to the voice of one old teacher who said, "Young man, if you dive down giving your energies to go to the bottom of pleasures, you will find more gravel than you do pearls." So many people are blind to the truth written so vividly across the pages of biography and autobiography and history, that people who seek pleasure as the prime motive and the great aim of life are like people who grow weary letting empty buckets down into empty wells and getting tired with drawing nothing up.

People who are on this pleasure chase in the world today say to the great apostle Paul who compassed the earth with the truths of redemption and left a trail of glory across the Gentile world, "Paul, you lie when you say, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.'" But it is true nevertheless. And if a woman be a Cleopatra like a painted adder coiled upon the throne of the Ptolemy's, toying with kingdoms, and toying with the world, and toying with men and toying with kings themselves; or whether she be some abject slave doing the bidding of some man who uses her for a dirty toy; or whether she have the intellectual charm of a Lady Hamilton or the poetic

genius of an Elizabeth Barrett Browning; or whether or not she has the literary genius of a George Eliot, that woman who lives in pleasure is dead while she lives. She is a corpse walking around! No matter how beautiful her gowns are, they are the shrouds of death. Though she dance to all the festive music of the world, it is a dance of death. Though her body be beautiful, it is but a casket that hides the pallid, dead heart. Though she have a face of charm and beauty, it is but a glass case through which God's penetrating eyes look and see a pallid, lifeless life. The autopsy that Jesus would put on the life of the woman who lives in pleasure or the man who lives in pleasure is this: "She died of an over-draught of pleasure. He died strangled with the siren songs of the world."

After what dost thou pursue? If you are out after the pleasures of this world today, you are on a flea chase. You are taking a trail that will bring you, no matter how long it is, at last to a dead dog. Yet there are men today who have palsied their bodies as to service for Christ and have atrophied their spiritual capacities and powers by soft-treading around the treadmill of this triviality and dancing to the short-lived music of the world and chasing the short-lived butterflies of the world and of self indulgence, seeming to forget, seeming not to remember if they ever knew that

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,—
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

Men and women who are out after pleasures, the worldly pleasures of this day, walk among sublimities and are unconscious of these sublimities. They play marbles with diamonds and do not know what the diamonds are. And they have no more conception of spiritual power, and sometimes no more use for the things of Christ, than a hog has for an eagle's plume. And they will roll their little marbles when God has given them chances to remove mountains, and they stand trembling at the shaking of the Devil's spears, when God would have us laugh at the shaking of the Devil's spears.

Mrs. Wilcox, that wonderful poet so far as poetry is concerned, in giving us some scrolls on which are written the names of the nobly great and the greatly noble, has written this of men and women who go out on the flea chase and after the dead dog trails in her poem, "The Squanderer," when she says:

"God gave him passions splendid
as the sun—
Meant for the lordliest purpose.
A part
Of nature's full and fertile
mother heart
From which new systems and
new worlds are spun.
And now, behold what he hath
done,
In folly's court and carnal
pleasure's mart:
He flung the wealth God gave
him at the start,
This of all mortal sins the
deadliest one.
At dawn he stood: potential,
opulent,

With virile manhood and emotions keen
And wonderful with God's creative fire.
At noon he stands, all life's large fortune spent
In petty traffic, unproductive, mean,
A pauper, cursed by impotent desire."

"After what is the king come out?" After a flea, King Saul. After what have you come out, young woman, lovely young woman? After what dost thou pursue, young man? After what dost thou pursue, you older people whose ears may hear my voice, who are down, far down the sunset trail? Is it after a flea? Is it still after a dead dog?

I wonder sometimes if the lack of worship on the part of millions of people in America is not because they are on the flea trail and the dead dog trail. We hear a great deal today about freedom of worship and freedom of speech and freedom from want and freedom from fear and all like that. I started to read a book like that one day until I stepped in a garbage can and a mud hole before I got to the front door, and I did not have any courage to read it because it talked about "the delightful legend of the Garden of Eden" in the very first two paragraphs. It would take a lot to stomach that, at least, for my stomach to stomach it.

I have a big old boy in the Army Air Corps. He is six feet, four inches tall, wears thirteen and a half shoes, at least he did a month ago! I do not know what it is now! He is just nineteen, a young giant. The night when he went off to the army his little mother stood there and looked up at him, wondering how the weather was, I suppose, way up there! She started to crying. He put his big hand, almost as big as a ham, on her cheek and caressed it and said, "Why, Mom, don't you cry. Don't you cry." When he stooped over and wormed his way into my little coupe, as I took him to the station, he said, "Pop, what's it all for?"

I said, "Son, the newspapers tell me and the president tells me and the leaders of our nation tell me there is one thing it's for and that is that we may have freedom of worship."

And what do I look around and find? Yonder boys going down in submarines, blood seeping from their armpits, while they try to remember the name of their sweetheart back home. Yon' some of them fall, living torches from the sky, and some of them crawling in their own blood in the green Hell jungles of New Guinea. Yonder they are in Italy, becoming bullet meat that you and I back home might have freedom of worship. You will not be surprised when I say to you it is hard for me to respect any man no matter who he is, or any woman no matter who she is, who will let your boy and my boy die, and my son-in-law die yonder in the Marshall Islands in our navy that we might have freedom of worship and we are so indecent and so sinful and so pleasure-bent and so ungrateful to translate it to mean freedom from worship. Yet I cannot help but believe when I see how many talk about freedom of worship and never worship, that they are on the trail that leads to the stinking dead dog or to the worthless little old flea.

Demanding Comfort Is Pursuing A Dead Dog, A Flea

There is something else I wanted

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

"They overcame him (Satan) by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." Rev. 12:11.
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to say, people who take the easy road in life thinking they are going to achieve, people who want a soft pallet on which to sleep and velvet slippers in which to walk; people who want somebody to throw all the thorns and stones out of their roadways so they can die of spiritual diabetes (too much sugar), are on the trail of the dead dog, on the trail of chasing the flea. What do we want with an easy time? Why should anybody want so much comfort? I say to you, more things are left undone for Christ in this world through a love of comfort on the part of God's people than through tendency to meanness.

People just love comfort. They lie around some Sunday morning and take an extra snooze when they ought to be down at the church somewhere and ought to be out working somewhere for the Lord Jesus Christ. We live in a strange world today. We live in a world now where spiritual mercury falls low, where faith's wings are being clipped by reason's scissors, where the Bible is summoned to appear at the bar of human reason, where old Tom Payne could occupy some professedly Christian pulpits and be called "Reverend Tom Payne, D.D." We live in a world where the warm wonder of Christianity is submitted to the cold and merciless analysis of Philistine cleverness, who would, if they could, force us to substitute for Christianity's vital bread a chunk of cloud banks buttered with the night wind. How can anybody say, "I'll be a soldier of the cross" and stop for rain or stop for mud? "I will seek the easy way, I will take the way of comfort, I will not endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." I do not know whether there is much laughter in Heaven or not, I do not know whether there is any in Hell or not, but I do know this, if there is any laughter in Hell, it must be directed toward the people who stand up and sing,

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus

Going on before,"
and then let a little shower keep them away from God's house or prevent them from some of the duties they ought to perform for Christ.

The telephone rings. The woman picks up the receiver—

"Oh, is that you, Nellie? I'm so glad to hear you. Missionary Circle? Missionary Society? I'm so sorry. I have a headache. I awoke with a headache this morning." Plunk.

The telephone rings again—
"Oh, is that you, Mary? Oh, I'm so glad to hear you. Bridge

party? I'll be right over. Oh, I'm so anxious to win a prize."

The life of ease. I heard a rich man, a man who had a rich father, say, "The best thing my father could have done for me when I was sixteen years of age was to have kicked me out into the street and given me fifty cents and said, 'Make your own way.'" He was talking about this life. I am trying to say to you that we need to know how to endure some hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, to deny ourselves. We think sometimes that denying ourselves is just to give up an extra cup of coffee or something like that or making ration points go just a little bit farther. Listen, if we are going to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, then we must remember that all the things Christ would have us to do are not easy.

It was not easy for Abraham to tell Sarah goodbye and say, "Come on, Isaac, we are going on a little trip of three days," knowing in his heart that at the end of the three days' journey he was to stick a knife in Isaac's naked body yonder on the altar.

It was not easy for Moses when he came of age to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter and choose, deliberately choose, to suffer affliction with a despised people, esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater treasure than all the riches of Egypt.

It was not any easy thing for old Samuel when he was criticized by the people and his works despised by the people to stand out at Gilgal and challenge them to find where he had oppressed or defrauded any of them.

It was not any easy thing for Elijah, God's whirlwind, hid by the desert, to call an apostate nation back to the office they had forsaken and to a God that they ought to worship.

It was not any easy thing for Noah to preach on one text for one hundred and twenty years and get no converts except in his own family circle. He might have had some if he had had a Junior department in his Sunday School!

It was not any easy thing for Job, asking God questions through lips infested with disease, sitting down in a pile of ashes while his wife said to him one day, "Curse God and commit suicide; give God a piece of your mind and get out of this thing," to keep on saying, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

It was not any easy thing for old Jeremiah to go to the dungeon for God.

It was not any easy thing for Daniel to say, "I'll go to the lion's den before I will close my windows against Jerusalem and my prayer life."

It was not any easy thing for the Hebrew children to refuse to bow down to that old golden image of Nebuchadnezzar on the plain of Dura and know that they would have to go to the fiery furnace for it.

It was not any easy thing for John the Baptist to descend upon the iniquities of his day with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other, when no doubt he preferred to talk about the beauties and the glories of Heaven. But, oh, it was the best thing! Old John the Baptist could not get a call to any church in this country today because of the way he dressed. A lot of fastidious ladies would not want to see him walk but in the pulpit the way he dressed. And they would not want him in their homes because they would not know how to make grasshopper salad for him. But old John could preach! And the Jews locked up their stores and went out in the Jordan bottoms to hear this Baptist preacher preach; and that is more than they ever did for you or me!

It was not any easy thing for Jesus to face the enemies of His day and hear them call Him a bastard, when He remembered the holy virgin Mary; hear them call

Him a blasphemer and a liar and a deceiver and a would-be suicider and a devil and a fanatic; but He went on with His face toward the cross, down that road blocked yonder by a bloody cross. I tell you He did not walk any velvet road.

It was not any easy thing for old John Bunyan to stay in jail for twelve years. But God blessed him in that jail and he wrote a book that crawled out from that jail, walked up and down more by-ways and traveled more high-ways and knocked at more doors and spoke to more people in their mother tongue than any book in the world save this blessed Book which liveth and abideth forever.

It was not any easy thing for Livingston to have all those twenty-seven attacks of African fever and attacks of dysentery down yonder in Africa where he opened that highway, that highway marked by the tombstones of martyred missionaries, over which Ethiopia stumbles today toward God.

John and Mary Gaston were missionaries to China. They left their lovely little home in this country and went to China. Over in China they had converts, and some of the villages were transformed. Then one day Mary said, "John, I am sick. I never felt like this before." John said, "Mary, I must take you to the doctor." But the doctor was six hundred miles away, and it was days and days of canoe traveling down the river to the doctor. But they started out. John tried to shelter her under the hot July sun. One day they pulled up close to a tree after they had been talking about how glad they were they came to China. Mary, with a strange look in her eyes, said, "John, that's a beautiful tree. Take me up under the shade of that tree." John lifted her up, and the Chinese oarsmen held the little boat, and John sat down under the shade of that tree with this darling of his heart, this fine young soldier of the cross. And she said, "John, I'm not going any further. I'm going home to be with Christ." And then she began to call the names of some Chinese people they had won to faith in Christ. Then she began to call the names of some villages that had been transformed by the preaching of His gospel. She said, "John, I'm glad we came. I'm so glad we came, even if I can't go any further." And down under the shade of the tree she kissed John goodbye. John put her down in the shade, and the Chinese oarsmen, sensing that death was near, went over the hill and left the little boat in the river. John went down and got an oar and went back and dug a grave with his knife and with that oar under the shade of that tree. He took some branches of the tree and spread them inside the grave. Then he took her white skirt and spread it over her to make it look like a shroud. Then he put the little body, which could not stand the strenuous pace of life, down into the grave. Each time he raked an oarful of dirt upon her body he was heartbroken, and he left her face until the last to cover it up. There were not any flags at half-mast. There were no neighbors to come in and say, "I'm sorry. What can I do for you?" There were no wreaths of flowers sent. He himself was there alone with the little comrade of his bosom. They had taken the rough road for Christ. He left her there, and went back down and got in the boat, and the Chinese oarsmen came and started down the river. He said, "No, No. Not down the river, but up the river!" because the last words that little woman had said were, "John, go back, go back to the people until the end."

That is the road that leads to thrones, not fleas. That is the road that leads to glory, not dead dogs. How can anybody claim to have any wisdom and take the

road, any other road except the road that God wants?

Following Reason Instead Of Faith Is Pursuing A Dead Dog, A Flea

Something else I want to say; nobody who travels the path of mere reason instead of the path of faith can claim to be in the road that leads to a throne and a crown, but only the road that leads to the dead dog, only the road that brings you at last to a flea which is not worth having.

I deal quite a bit with college students. I spent a whole week at one time, from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon, with college students. They gave me a room in the dormitory. Those students came. They told me some of the hellish things some of their professors had told them about Saul of Tarsus having epileptic fits on the road to Damascus and being so stunned it took him several years to decide whether he wanted to preach or not! God have mercy! I want to say to you, and I will say it until I am dead, I have more respect for the burglar that will put his jimmy under my window and steal my wife's wedding ring than I have for the college professor who will tell a boy that! They asked me all sorts of questions, and I found out they were trying to reason some things out. One day I gathered about a hundred of them together, and I said, "Young men, young women, I have just about ten minutes as my parting message to you." I said, "I have found out from your questions and from your puzzlements that your fingers are slipping loose from things you were once anchored to, that you are trying to reason things out." I said, "You can't take the path of infidelity and scepticism that exalts reason above faith without coming to tragedy and to things that are worthless."

Oh, how many things in this world you will never reason out. I said to them, "By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." Reason never would have let Abraham take his boy and be willing to kill him out on Mount Moriah. But faith did.

Reason never would have let Noah build an ark while the weather was dry and let him say, "There's a flood coming folks." But faith did.

Reason never would have let Joshua march around Jericho once every day for six days and then on the seventh day, seven times saying, "These walls are going to fall." But faith did.

Reason never would have let Matthew leave his fat government position to follow a man whose only pocketbook was the mouth of a fish. But faith did.

Reason never would have let the woman who spent all the money she had on physicians over a period of twelve years, say, "If I could but touch the hem of His garment, I would be made well." Reason would not let her do that. But faith did.

Reason would not have let my wife marry me. And when I look at some of you fellows, God knows, I know reason would not have let your wife marry you! But faith did.

Reason would not let a young man down in New Orleans say, "I'm going over to Algiers, and I am going to start a church for Christ." And he put two chairs out in front of him and he and his wife knelt down in front of those chairs and said, "Lord, we are the church of God of Algiers." And then he would go out into the butcher markets, and into the meat markets, and he would notice people when they bought meat and the days on which they bought meat. He got a man one day to say he would come and hear him preach. I do not know what his text was; he could have appropriately preached on "Thou art the man." Over there in Algiers

across the river from old New Orleans today there is a church which could never have been on the basis of reason, but on the basis of faith—it is! The birth cry of new-born souls is heard because a young man and his wife had faith to believe God wanted to plant something there.

I turn to the realm of science and chemistry. You cannot reason out some things in chemistry. You cannot reason out why it is I can go into a foundry and take seven-tenths of one per cent chromium and put it in a little carbon steel and increase the tensile strength of it from 55,000 pounds to the square inch to 100,000 pounds to the square inch. Reason that out, you.

You cannot tell me why it is you can drop mercury into Naphthalene and it is changed into phthalic acid. You know it is so. Every chemist believes it.

You cannot reason out why it is that a chemist took an old out-cast which the chemical world used to call coke and got a substance out of it five hundred times sweeter than honey. Reason that out, you. But you know it is so. And if you want to call your wife or sweetheart something sweet, do not call her honey, call her coke, and you are really going somewhere!

You cannot reason out why it is that nux vomica will kill anything born with its eyes shut and will not hurt anything born with its eyes open. Reason that out, will you? Nobody can reason that out. But you know it is so. A pig will get fat on nux vomica if you put it in his slop because he is born with his eyes open. A kitten will die if you put nux vomica in its milk because it was born with its eyes shut. My mother used to kill hawks, the hawks which caught her chickens, by feeding the chickens nux vomica in meal batter. The old hawk would come down and get one of those minister's refugees and fly away with it and eat the chicken and die because the hawk is hatched with its eyes shut. But nux vomica will not hurt the chicken because the chicken is hatched with its eyes open. Reason that out. You can't reason it out.

By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God. And this earth did not come by the sun getting in a little bit of wild gyration of heat, and "burdened with excessive embers," one phosphorous splinter flew off from it and it cooled off while it whirled, and here we are! Some people teach that and call it scholarship. If that is scholarship, I want to be sawdust!

"By faith, O Maker of the mighty deep

(Continued on page seven)

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UNSEEN RESOURCES

(Continued from page one)
tiful well of water. Expecting that she and her son would die of thirst, Hagar had not seen the well which God had provided.

So it is with all of us day by day. God's loving kindness and provident care is all about us unseen, unrecognized, unappreciated and often unclaimed. A child of God has unseen provision for all his needs. He only lacks having his eyes opened that he may see.

Do you suppose that God had instructed Abraham to hearken to Sarah and send the slave-girl-wife with her baby and his away into the wilderness to die? (Gen. 21:12) Would God now leave them to suffer with no thought and no care for their needs? Does God not care about a mother's anguish or a baby's cry? Many of us act as if He does not, but oh! my dear reader, God does care and God does provide!

In verse 17 the Scripture says:

"And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, 'What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.'"

"And God heard the voice of the lad." The dear Lord has a tender heart and He cared more for the thirsty boy than his mother did. God heard!

It is a shameful and wicked trait of human beings, even of Christians, that they do not constantly recognize and praise the boundless mercies of God. He causes it to rain upon the just and the unjust. He pours out upon us, from His horn of plenty, a thousand mercies every day. The Psalmist reminds us to praise Him "who daily loadeth us with benefits" (Psa. 68:19). Man feels so independent that he thinks he does not need God. Then in his failure and want, man naturally feels that there is no help.

God heard the voice of little Ishmael, and why should He not hear ours? Do you fear that there will not be bread for tomorrow? Do you fear your little ones will not have cover from winter's cold or garments for their nakedness? Then you need your eyes opened so that you may see the unseen well, the unseen provision of a loving God for His people.

Jesus taught us to learn a lesson from the sparrow. Not even one of these tiny birds falls to the ground without the Father (Matt. 10:29). He taught us a lesson from the flowers. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," He said, "They toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Then half in loving promise and half in indignant rebuke, Jesus said, "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. 6:28-30).

One of the shocking sins of Christians is that they do not believe that God will care for them. They do not see tomorrow's bread, nor even the help that they need today, and so they doubt and shame God and disgrace their profession as His children. But God

always has a well when it is needed whether we see it or not; and God will never be too late. God will reveal His plan just in time. As He opened the eyes of Hagar and provided the water in the wilderness, so in a world where we are sojourning strangers, God has wells on every side and will show them to our blinded eyes when the time comes, if we let Him.

The Unseen Sacrifice

When Abraham was called to offer his son Isaac as a burnt sacrifice on Mount Moriah, he faithfully intended to carry out the command of God. When the wood was laid on the altar, Isaac was bound and Abraham raised the knife to slay his son. With a broken heart, yet he would obey God, believing that God would raise his son from the dead (Gen. 22:5-12; Heb. 11:17-19).

When the angel told Abraham to stay his hand, he looked about and there behind him was a ram caught in a thicket by his horns.

Abraham was willing to offer his son, and all of us should be willing to give the dearest and best we have in this world at the command of God. God never asks too much. His "yoke is easy" and His "burden is light" (Matt. 11:30). But many a time when we believe that we face the loss of everything life holds dear, God has a substitute, unseen, but at hand. How many times in my time of need I turned about, and lo! God had a lamb caught in a thicket just to supply my need. It was good that Abraham did not worry before about the sacrifice. Isaac, his son, had asked him on the way, "My father . . . Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Abraham wisely replied, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering." What a world of meaning in that reply! Abraham was a prophet (Gen. 20:7). These words of Abraham were a prophecy from God and they had a triple meaning, I think.

First of all, they meant that God would some way provide a substitute for Isaac. Abraham expected to come back down that mountain and go the three days' journey home with his dear son by his side. Some way, he did not know how, he expected God to raise him from the dead and provide Himself a sacrifice on the smoking altar.

The second and greater meaning of Abraham was that that ram caught in the thicket was a picture of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wood stands for evil works, since the bad works of Christians are likened to "wood, hay and stubble" (1 Cor. 3:12). The ram caught in the thicket is a picture of Christ, our substitute, bound for us by our sins and laid on the altar in our stead. Truly God has provided Himself a Lamb for the sacrifice, the Lord Jesus Christ, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!"

Jesus said, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad" (John 8:56).

But the third meaning must be that God ALWAYS provides the lamb that is needed for the sacrifice. God never sleeps; He never forgets; He is never too poor; He is never indifferent. God always, ALWAYS provides the things we need just in time, when we trust Him.

My friend, why do you always seek to have provision made ahead of time? Abraham did not look for the ram until it was time, and then God provided him. Let us be content, every one with such things as we have, "and having food and raiment let us be therewith content." The Saviour has

told us "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (Matt. 6:34). He taught us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread" or "Give us DAY by DAY our daily bread." One day at a time is enough for a child of God who has a wise heavenly Father who revealed the well in the wilderness to Hagar and who showed the ram caught in the bushes to Abraham. Praise His dear name! God provides a sacrifice just in time for His children who trust Him. Let us rely upon the unseen resources of God.

The Unseen God

When Jacob went away from home to escape the murderous wrath of his brother, Esau, he stopped that night at Bethel and slept the sleep of a tired boy, with his head pillowed upon a stone. He had a dream, and behold a ladder ascended to Heaven and angels went to Heaven and returned on this ladder. God appeared and promised to bless him with the blessings of Abraham and Isaac. He awoke deeply moved and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not" (Gen. 28:16).

There he made his vow to God to serve the true God, and to tithe his increase, and committed his career into the hands of the God of his father Isaac and his grandfather Abraham. "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not" could be the cry of every Christian. Oh! that our eyes were opened that we could see that every day the place where we are, God is there, too! Many a time, if we were but tuned in to hear the voice of God, we could hear Him say as He did to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (Exod. 3:5).

God was with Jacob. Later in thanking God for His mercies (Gen. 32:10) Jacob said, "For with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands." He should have said, "With my staff AND GOD I passed over this Jordan." Jacob, the poor scheming boy who had stolen his brother's birthright, deceived his father, and yet loved and believed in God, had more faith than his walking stick when he fled penniless from home! May God grant that all of us will have our eyes opened to our unseen riches. Dear reader, if you have God, you are not poor. We ought to cry out, "The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (Deut. 33:27). Remember the exhortation of Hebrews 13:5, 6.

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

If you have God, you have all you need. In His own way and time He will provide.

The Child of A King

My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full—He has riches untold.

My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of them; But now He is reigning for ever on high, And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down— An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?

They're building a palace for me over there! Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

Chorus

I'm the child of a King.
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King!

The Unrecognized Christ

Two downcast disciples walked one day from Jerusalem to Emmaus. It was three days after Jesus had been crucified and the horror and sadness of that awful event hung like a pall about them. Sorrow was written on their faces, and they talked along their journey of what had occurred. A third Person came along beside them, as the story is told in Luke 24:13-35. They told Him how their faith had fled away when Jesus died. They had heard a woman say that He was risen, but they did not believe it. The Stranger, with words that made their hearts burn, told them how foolish they had been. He showed them from the law of Moses, from the Psalms and from all the Prophets that Jesus had to die and that He must rise again. The Stranger made clear to them the purpose of the crucifixion and the triumphant glory of the resurrection, and their minds and hearts were opened to understanding the Scriptures. Their faith revived and their hearts grew happy!

When they came to the little village of Emmaus, they invited this Stranger, yea, they urged Him to come in and break bread with them. And when that marvelous One gave thanks and blessed the bread they were to eat, their eyes were opened and they knew Him AND IT WAS JESUS. Once before we were told, in Luke 24:16, that "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." Now the Scriptures say, in verse 31, "And their eyes were opened, and they knew him!"

The unrecognized Christ! He walks with you down every sad pathway, yea, even through the valley of the shadow of death. The reason you are sad is because you do not recognize Him by your side. The reason you are disappointed and your hope flees away is that your "eyes are holden" that you cannot see Him.

Oh, I pray that as men read these lines their eyes may be opened that they may see Jesus! He was with you in that sickness when you thought you were all alone, and when you were rebellious and sad, He was right there. If you had only recognized Him you would have been content.

Jesus was there when you walked through the vale of poverty, and when you climbed the mountainous trail of hardship. He was there, right there by your side, only your eyes were holden and you did not see Him! How different it would be if every day we recognized that Christ is here with us, beside us; in you and in me. God forgive us, our poor blind, carnal, worldly-minded eyes do not see Jesus, do not recognize Him though He walks by our side along the way of struggle and through the night of sorrow as well as the day of hope and joy. The unseen, the unrecognized Christ! How we need His presence! How we ought to stop and be conscious of Him, feel for Him, listen for Him every day!

Jesus gave to His disciples, and through them to us, the Great Commission and promised, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Those of us who carry out the commission of Christ have a right to claim and expect this promise. Christ is with us! Yes, even if we are unfaithful. But if we have been born again, the Holy Spirit has come into our bodies to dwell, and we have been

given the Spirit to cry, "Abbi, Father." Every child of God can say with Lord Tennyson, "Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands and feet." The Psalmist well said in Psalms 139:7-12:

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

It is pitiful but shameful that children of God should go through this world without feeling His presence, without seeing His provision, without enjoying His protection, without delighting in Him.

Unseen Angels

When Elisha, the prophet of God, was sought by the Syrian king who would have killed him, the prophet was surrounded in the little town of Dothan by the Syrian army. It looked like a tight place. A whole army was sent to destroy one of God's ministers. It is small wonder that the young man, Elisha's servant, asked, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" XII Kings 6:15-17 tells us:

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, 'Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, 'Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, 'Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'"

If the armies of Satan are around about you, then you ought to know that above them and all about are the chariots of fire and the angels of God. "They that be with us are more than they that be with them."

What the young man saw that day was not a fancy, nor just a vision. For the first time in his life, he saw things as they really were.

Today people do not believe in the miraculous, and so they, like the Sadducees, do not believe in angels or spirits. Many preachers do not believe that men can be demon-possessed, and they do not believe that God's angels guard and miraculously protect His children who trust Him; but their trouble is that they have blind eyes. They need someone like Elisha to pray for them that the Lord may open their eyes.

Psalms 34:7 says:

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

That shows that not only Elisha, but every one who fears the Lord, has the protecting care of angels. In fact, angels are meant to be our servants and ministers. Speaking of angels, Hebrews 1:14 says:

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Every heir of salvation, that is, every one who has trusted in Christ, has around about him guardian angels.

These lines are dictated as I drive from Dallas to Gainesville, Texas, in the midst of a busy, busy day. I must often drive far and fast. The highways are infested with the reckless and the drinking. In a thousand cases, accidents and death could have

(Continued on page eight)

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The Fountain of Eternal Youth

(Continued from page one)

There is the thirst for pleasure. There is the burning, blighting, destroying thirst of sin, the thirst of lust, the thirst of drink, the thirst of gambling. There is the thirst for freedom. There is the thirst for financial assurance. There is the thirst for safety here and hereafter. This entire world is just one vast, dry desert, with the generations of men, lost travelers, following this will-of-the-wisp or the other, this or the other philosophical, psychological, philanthropic, political, educational suggestion, only to find them deluding mirages that rob them of what little hope self and sin and Satan may have left them. The rise of all sorts of cults, of off-brand religions, of palm readers, of spiritualists, of clairvoyants are but some of the signs of this thirst which is assailing mankind. No one has ever been able to find entire satisfaction for that burning longing save in the Lord Jesus Christ.

May we then analyze this glorious invitation in this way. First, to what are we invited? Second, who is invited? Third, why should we accept the invitation?

I. To what are we invited?

Jesus cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." This is, of course, figurative, metaphorical. Jesus also speaks of Himself as the bread of life, "the meat which endureth to everlasting life." Our coming to Christ to drink, means that we are to receive from Him all those spiritual blessings, all those eternal mercies that He has to bestow upon us. But, to be more particular, let us consider the benefits that Christ invites us to come to Him for, the benisons of which we may freely and abundantly partake at this fountain of life.

First, there is the pardon for all of our sins. You will never, never have quietness of mind, peace of heart, soul-satisfaction until you know your sins are forgiven. The haunting remorse, the biting gnawings of conscience, the driving days, the sleepless nights will be your constant heritage until you come under the blood. You may lose yourself for a while in the whirl of some pleasures, in the stupefaction of some sins; but you will only come to yourself again to find that you have been grasping the wind, with the taste of gall and bitter wormwood on your tongue. The forgiveness of sins is your very primal need. It

is only through Christ that you can obtain that blessing. He purchased it for you by His death. It is only the water and the blood which flowed from Immanuel's riven side that can cleanse you from all sin.

Second, there is the knowledge of the truth. Without Christ, you wander in doubts and uncertainties, subject to innumerable mistakes. If you would walk surely, you must follow Jesus. He Himself said: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He says again: "When He, the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth."

Third, there is spiritual consolation. In Him you have the grace, the power for complete sanctification, to walk unspotted in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation. He gives rest to the weary soul bowed down by the vicissitudes of life. One of His very mightiest invitations is couched in the familiar words, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He keeps constantly before your minds the promises of His Holy Word, the presence of His blessed Spirit, the certain prospects of future glory.

Last of all, you are invited to eternal happiness. Nowhere on earth can you find this save in the Lord. No one in all creation can bestow it upon you save the Christ of God. He has it in His power and at His command. It is all the fruit of His sufferings and death. He and He alone can give you the sight, the enjoyment of God. He and He alone can lead you to living fountains. Of what use is all the world besides if you miss eternal bliss? Of what benefit are the positions, the possessions, the plaudits of a world, if the price of them is that you finally miss Heaven and descend into Hell?

II. Secondly, let us consider to whom this urgent invitation is presented.

The text specifically tells us that it is given to every man who thirsts. This invitation is not limited. Formerly the Jews claimed the exclusive privilege of being God's people; but now both Jews and Gentiles are invited to the Lord Jesus Christ.

This invitation is given to all nations, to every kind of sinner, however great, numerous, or long standing your sins may be. While Jesus was here upon the earth,

He healed bodily diseases that had continued many years. The same Physician can cure spiritual diseases of the longest standing. His blood cleanses from all sin. He came to save the chief of sinners. He saved a persecuting Saul. He saved the thief on the cross. He prayed for His murderers and God forgave three thousand of them on the day of Pentecost, perhaps many others later. He made the first offers of mercy to those who despised and crucified Him. He will cast none out. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37).

But what is this thirsting after Christ? Surely it means the thirst of the soul. There must be a sense of the want of Christ. Oh, brother, oh, sister, you want Him for justification. You want Him for comfort. You want Him for peace. You want Him for power. You want Him in sorrow. You want Him in the hour of death. You want Him to represent you at the judgment. You want Him to keep you out of Hell. You want Him to take you into Heaven. You want Him. You need Him. You will perish without Him.

Then there must be a sense of the worth of Christ. He is most excellent in every one of His mighty attributes. He is our only Saviour. He is our sole Physician. He is able to save to the uttermost depths of depravity, to the uttermost degree of temptation, to the uttermost duration of time. There is no life too steeped in iniquity for His mighty power to release. There is no sin too deeply ingrained for His matchless merits to remit. There is no sinner too far out in the wilderness of transgression for Him to search out and to bring back, safe cradled on His bosom.

Finally there must be an ardent, passionate desire after Jesus. You must long, and tell me, do you not, to taste the sweetness of His pardon, the warmth of His grace, the depths of His love, the breadth of His comfort, the length of His eternal salvation. Tell me, what have you without Jesus, if you think I am too vehement, too insistent? Tell me what will you take in exchange for your soul's salvation and satisfaction in Christ? Tell me what is the Devil giving you that will pay you for your unhappiness here and torture hereafter?

III. Why should we accept this invitation?

There are numberless reasons why we should. I do not have time but for a very few of them, a limited few.

First, there is the consideration of the Person who invites us. It is not some prophet, some preacher, some priest, not even some church, or churches. It is Jesus the beloved Son of God, the King of kings, the Lord of lords. How would you treat an invitation from the President of the United States? How would you treat an invitation from the King of England? How would you treat an invitation from the Governor of this state? How would you treat an invitation from one whom you held in high esteem? How will you treat this invitation from the Sovereign of the Universe?

Second, there is the consideration of our wants. How desperately bad is our state out of Christ. We are in bondage to sin. We are liable to all sorts of afflictions, to pain, to death. There are the uneasiness and horror of the soul in view of the inevitable wrath of God that is sure to be visited upon our transgressions. We cannot help ourselves. I cannot say that often enough. We are without strength, without hope, without God. But, let us come to Christ, and all will be well here and hereafter.

Third, there is the welcome that others have found in the Lord

Jesus Christ. He has made them the Sons of God. He has showered them with the abundance, aye the superabundance, of His mercies. I have met too many people, both young and old, men and women, in the upper classes and in the lower dregs of society, who were deadly, desperately sorry for every minute that they spent in the service of Satan. I have yet to meet a single Christian, and I have met great numbers of them under all sorts of circumstances and conditions, who was sorry for having accepted Jesus Christ as his or her personal Saviour. The unanimous testimony of the satisfied generations of Christians is another unanswerable argument why your own life would be best in the hands of the Redeemer.

Fourth, there is the mighty plea that these benefits to which we are invited, these benefits that I have tried to delineate before you, can be obtained nowhere else in all this vast, wide world. Christ is the only fountain that sendeth forth these streams of salvation to lost mankind. There is no other mediator between God and man but Christ. There is no other sacrifice for sin. There is

no other High Priest to intercede for us. Life, light, love, the peace of God that passeth all understanding are to be found only in Him.

Oh, may the Holy Spirit of God press these wondrous truths upon your thirsty souls. Let us together admire, thank God for, rejoice in the matchless kindness, the munificent condescension of the Redeemer in surrounding us with the tokens of His favors and goodness, in ever inviting us to this provided fountain of life and bliss, in seeking us instead of waiting until we sought Him.

Oh, my friends, if you thirst, if these words have stirred up that dormant longing, that yearning of soul that you have striven to cover over by indifference, or even by sinful pursuits, come to Christ and drink. Drink your fill. Keep on drinking. Oh, I beseech you, do not stay away and perish in the desert of your transgressions. Obey the call! Heed the invitation! Go to Christ. Apply to Him by faith. Cast yourselves upon His great mercies. Know that He would never invite you if He were unwilling to receive you. Go now!

(Continued on page six)

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FREE! GRATIS! COMPLIMENTARY

(Continued from page one)

Heavenly Father and ours. Learn about the great tribulation on earth, the rise of the Antichrist, the man of sin, called "the beast," also called "the son of perdition," in Scriptures. See how his reign as a world-wide dictator will last three and a half years; how he will kill Christians; how people can neither buy nor sell except by being branded with his mark. See how the Bible foretells another awful war, worse than World War II, a war with two hundred million demon-possessed men in one army! See how the Scriptures tell of persecution of Jews then; of Christ's return in glory with angels and saints; how He will kill the entire army in one day, so that their blood will be as deep as the brides of the horses and will run for two hundred miles! Read how Christ will call the birds of the air all together to eat these carcasses, and the Beast and his false prophet will be sent alive to Hell.

Read the Bible account of how Christ will then set up His throne at Jerusalem, will call all the people left alive on earth before Him on the throne of David; there see how Gentiles will be judged on the basis of how they have treated the "brethren" of the Lord Jesus, the Jews, thus revealing whether they were for Christ or against Him during the tribulation. Then read the wonderful story of the thousand years' personal reign of Christ when animals will lose their enmity for man, when the lion shall eat straw like an ox, when the lion and lamb shall lie down together, when a child shall lead about the wildest beast of prey, when the desert shall blossom as the rose; when the eyes of the blind shall be opened, the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, when the lame man shall leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb shall sing, and when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, says the Word of God!

Read of the last rebellion when Satan will be loosed out of his prison for a little season and tempt man for the last time, and how it will end. Then read how the unconverted dead will be raised, spirits brought out of Hell for the last judgment, and then go, soul and body, back to the lake of fire forever. Read of the new earth God will make out of this old one, surrounded by new heavens; of the New Jerusalem which will come from God out of Heaven, down to earth, to be the capital city of the new earth, when "the tabernacle of God will be with men." Then read of the signs of Christ's coming, and how to get ready!

Oh, you will thrill with the message of this book! Long, long

months of work, after years of study, produced it. God has used it already to solve doubts and clear up Bible questions for many. It will be wonderfully popular, we believe. There are fifteen strong chapters, 148 packed pages, hundreds of Scriptures. Really one-third of the book is actual Bible quotations, not just references. It is a book you will read, then study carefully, then pass around to many friends who want to know the very things taught here. And the book, nicely cloth bound, is wrapped in a beautiful jacket showing Christ's return as drawn just for this book by a famous Christian artist of Chicago.

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8. It closes on the practical application to the Church in relation to the rapture; Christ's coming for His saints prior to His coming with His saints to establish His Kingdom: whose right it is to

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NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT IN AMERICA!

By Evangelist Robert J. Wells, Associate Editor

A young, popular Georgia evangelist, pastor and radio preacher who once packed the Atlanta baseball park for a revival meeting will be one of the featured speakers at the Conference on Evangelism to be held at Winona Lake, Indiana, from July 15 to 21.

An Unusual Man

Evangelist Hendley is the pastor of a great Southern Baptist Church with a membership of over 2300 in East Point, Georgia, one of the suburbs of Atlanta. At the same time he directs a half-hour daily radio ministry over a network of eight radio stations, and in addition to this is one of the most successful evangelists in the country. His preaching is unique and very effective. In a writeup by a Georgia journalist who "covered" one of his meetings he is described as one who "reads his scripture from a Greek New Testament but preaches like Billy Sunday." He is preeminently a soul winner with a passion that knows no bounds. This passion characterizes his preaching, making it at once fiery, fervent and penetrating. He is a real scholar and a great Bible teacher and would be perfectly at home as a teacher in a Bible School or Seminary.

A Great Evangelist

Although he has a great church and an influential radio ministry which would be more than any average man could well care for, Rev. Hendley spends about two-thirds of his time in evangelistic work. He is away from his own pulpit most of the time and handles the majority of his broadcasts by transcriptions. Much of his travelling is done by plane and many times he will close a meeting on

reign in righteousness, justice and equity."

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REV. JESSE M. HENDLEY

a Friday night, be in his own pulpit Sunday morning, and begin another meeting many miles away on that same Sunday night. Evangelism is his very life. He frankly admits that he would die if he couldn't hold revival meetings and preach the gospel to the masses.

The Revival That Ended In The City Baseball Park

A few years ago Evangelist Hendley started a meeting in his own Atlanta. It began in a huge tent with 1,500 listeners, but the tent turned out to be far too small before the five weeks of meetings were half over. On the last two Sunday nights, the meetings had to be held in the Atlanta baseball stadium. The crowd sat in the stands and Brother Hendley rigged up a microphone over home plate and delivered his sermon from there. On the last night he spoke to 7,500 people, and many hundreds were saved during that campaign.

Great Meeting in Athens, Georgia

In the summer of 1939 the Business Men's Evangelistic Club of Athens, Georgia, sponsored a big tent revival with Jesse Hendley as the evangelist. The 60x90 tent was pitched in the center of the city and God honored the work from the very beginning. On the first Sunday night 19 trusted Christ as personal Saviour. There were 176 conversions in the first week making an average of 22 accepting Christ at each service. The tide of spiritual power mounted higher the second week and there were 230 conversions or an average of 32 per service during that week. The third week there were 404 actual conversions making an average of 57 confessing Christ each service. There were 153 souls brought to Jesus on the fifth Sunday of the campaign and there

were 1,639 total actual conversions during the campaign. This does not include reconsecrations nor those who were led to Christ by personal workers, which numbered several hundred more. Each person was dealt with by a specially trained personal worker with an open Bible and each one who accepted Christ stood and made public confession of his faith in Christ at the close of the service. There was an average of 266 conversions per week and 41 persons trusting Christ as personal Saviour per meeting. There were hundreds of remarkable conversions and unusual instances of the power of God. Before the campaign was over it was necessary to move the meetings to Woodruff Hall, a large basketball court on the campus of the University of Georgia.

Be Sure To Hear This Great Preacher

Evangelist Hendley will be featured speaker at the Conference on Evangelism, and will bring messages that every minister and evangelist in the country ought to hear. But, in addition to Brother Hendley there will be many more outstanding preachers and gospel musicians on the program. You can't afford to miss such a week of spiritual feasting. Plan now to attend and get your reservation in at the earliest possible moment so as not to miss out on this great opportunity. Winona Lake is one of the most beautiful vacation spots in America and you will enjoy the restful atmosphere and the many recreational advantages.

For complete information and reservations, write Evangelist Robert J. Wells, Conference Director, 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

Fountain of Eternal Youth

(Continued from page five)

Drink now! Why should you be contented with the rotgut potions of the world when the wine of God, the milk of Heaven, the water of life is pressed to your lips? Stoop down, brother, stoop down, sister, stoop down and drink! Right now, see the hand of Jesus, pierced for your sins, stretching out the cup of salvation to you! By faith take it from His hand. By faith press it to your lips. By faith drink, and drink, and drink. You will know such joy that your heart will overflow with it. You will know such thanksgiving that your soul will be flooded with it. You will know such praise that you will want to shout it from the house-tops.

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Pursuing Dead Dogs and Fleas

(Continued from page three)

Whereon our vessels fare,
Above our bold adventure keep
Thy watchful, loving care.
We trust in Thee, whate'er be-
falls;
Thy sea is great, our boats are
small.

We know not where this secret
tides
May hinder or delay;
Or where the licking tempests
hides
Nor where their fogs are gray.
We trust in Thee, whate'er be-
falls;
Thy sea is great, our boats are
small."

But I have not finished. I hope
the day will come in America
when we will not look at our
watches and clocks when a man
gets up to preach. I think preach-
ers are partly responsible for con-
gregations going "delicatessen" on
preaching; for their being so con-
cerned that you let them out at
a quarter, to twelve so they can
get ahead of the cafeteria rush.
God have mercy on such mess as
that that is going under the name
of soldiery for Jesus Christ!

On my vacation where I was
to preach one of the brethren
came up to me—he was so digni-
fied he looked like he had ball
bearings in his knees!—he said,
"Now brother, we hope you won't
preach too long today. When-
ever you hear the town clock that
is the signal to close. Our people
are used to leaving when the town
clock strikes." I said, "Well, this
is one day the old town clock isn't
going to be paid any mind." And
when that old town clock struck,
I got as loud as I could and as
fast as I could, and I said, "You
old pre-benedictioners, sit still!"
And they sat! Oh, if we could
just come to the place where we
would say, "Lord God, we are sol-
diers; we are on a trail that leads
to a throne, and not to a dead
dog!"

The Path Of Sin Leads Al- ways To Dead Dogs And Fleas

I want to talk to you a little
bit about how terrible, how ter-
rible it is to follow the path of
sin. The trail of sin leads to an
old stinking dead dog which you
despise, which you loathe, and to
a flea that isn't worth a second's
effort in life. Oh, this thing called
sin that reverses man's nature,
puts him woefully deranged and
miserable and erratic and lost in
interminable regions of night, that
puts terrible dis-order in the brain
and madness in the brain and
kinks in the imagination and a
burden in your heart—the intoler-
able burden of a soul which is
destined to live forever. "The
wages of which is death." Oh,
how it leads to a dead dog!

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these poor girls in the scarlet
sisterhood of the street. Ask
them. They know. Ask the
young fellow who through some
sort of something went home and
threw his mother's Bible back in
the dusty closet and said, "That's
old fogey. That's out of date."
Ask them! Some of them have
found out now. What a terrible
thing sin leads to! When will
men ever know what Paul Law-
rence Dunbar said! I never go
to Dayton, Ohio, if I am there
very long, that I do not take a
cab and go out to the grave of
that negro poet, marvelous he
was, who died of tuberculosis be-
fore he was twenty-one years of
age. He was not talking about
himself, but talking about what
sin does when he wrote:

"This is the debt I pay
Just for one riotous day,
Years of regret and grief,
Sorrow without relief.

"Pay it I will to the end—
Until the grave, my friend,
Gives me a true release—
Gives me the clasp of peace.

"Slight was the thing I bought,
Small was the debt I thought,
Poor was the loan at best—
God! but the interest!"

You could write over that poem,
that marvelous bit of verse which
this negro poet wrote, these words
of David, After whom is the king
come out? After a flea, after a
dead dog.

There was a young woman in
Louisiana who went to the electric
chair two years ago. They called
her Tony Joe. The day she died
they went in and cut off all that
beautiful hair through which men
had run their fingers and said it
was so beautiful as it sometimes
was, hanging around her shoul-
ders. They took off the little coat-
suit she was wearing and put on
her a little old denim sort of
something; took off her little high
heeled shoes in which she had
danced so much; took off her
silken hose and put her bare legs
and bare feet into some little old
slippers and led Tony Joe toward
the electric chair, just twenty-
some-odd years of age. I wonder
what preacher, if there could be
one, had her in his congregation
one day and didn't preach the
gospel to her? I wonder what
Sunday School teacher talked
about some social function instead
of teaching the Bible in the Sun-
day School class where Tony Joe
was as a little girl? I don't know.
Anyway, you could hear those lit-
tle slippers clip, clip, clip down
toward the electric chair. When she
entered the door, she looked, and
the roses went from her cheeks.
And she said, "I always knew God

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ran the whole show, but I thought
I could steal just one little act!"
You can't steal one act from God
without coming to the dead dog.

Oh, men and women, get out of
that sin trail. Oh, man with intel-
lect, man with personality, woman
with beauty and intel-
lectual powers, strong bodies, after
what dost thou pursue? After a
flea? God forbid. After a dead
dog? God forbid that in the light
of eternity you should be so
foolish.

Here is my last thing. Whom
shall we follow? That is almost
a foolish question to ask. You
know whom. Jesus Christ. If
only you had the courage to do it,
if only you had the wisdom to do
it instead of letting somebody
laugh you into Hell or laugh you
down the road where you will
come with a dead dog for your
food or a little flea for your for-
tune and eternal possession. Whom
shall we follow? Jesus, Heaven's
Bread for earth's hunger, Heaven's
Water for earth's thirst, Heaven's
Glory for earth's shame, Heaven's
Grace for earth's guilt, Heaven's
Truth for earth's falsehood, Heav-
en's Justification for earth's con-
demnation, Heaven's Gladness for
earth's grief, Heaven's Life for
earth's death. And what does He
say? He says, "I am the light
of the world: he that followeth
me shall not walk in darkness, but
shall have the light of life."
"Come, follow me." I am sure you
know as well as I that Christianity
today runs across the habits and
desires of men, so many times
crushes into nothingness some of
their worldly dreams and crucifies
their affections and scourges the
most succulent sins of men.

Old Walter Rauschenbusch one
day said, "What we need today in
our lives is the restoration of the
cross, not making the cross some-
thing we hand over to the lips of
beautiful singers but to make it
an experience in our own lives."
God keep us from being jolly King
Coles that call for our fiddles and
our bows in a world that is on
fire! God keep us from being
little complacent Jack Horner's sit-
ting in our corners, sweetly con-
tent pulling out a plum, saying,
"What good folks we are!" God
keep us from being old Mother
Hubbards that prepare cupboards
which have nothing in them, or
from Simple Simons dealing with
piemen in the world's fairs. God
help us following Christ to make
money His servant and not our
master. Remember that there is
no heart big enough for two
thrones and that you cannot serve
God and man. Remember that
we need to make the cross an ex-
perience, following no gaudy flag,
but putting aside these little tanks
and painted red wagons of child-
hood days, and going forth con-
quering and to conquer in a world
where there are evils that would
lead our greatest graces to the
grave and leave the world no copy.

"Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on,
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone."

"Follow me." He said. When
you follow Him you will follow
One to whom there is no Hill of
Difficulty, to whom there is no
Doubting Castle, to whom there is
no Slough of Despond—Jesus
Christ, the same yesterday, today
and forever. And while today's
health may be tomorrow's sick-
ness, and while today's happy com-
panionship of joy may be tomor-
row's aching solitude of heart, and
while today's wealth may be tomor-
row's poverty, today's Christ is
tomorrow's Christ; the same
yesterday, today and forever.
Follow Him!

One of our American tourists
went over to see the Oberammer-
gau play, the Passion Play of
Oberammergau. He had his
camera with him. He asked an
interview with Mr. Anton Lang
who played the part of the

Christus in that Passion Play.
Mr. Lang granted the interview
between parts of the play when
they had a rest period. This man
said, "Oh, Mr. Lang, my wife and
I have wanted so long to see you
and speak with you and to hear
your voice." He said, "I am very
glad indeed to meet my American
friends." Then this American
tourist said, "Mr. Lang, will you
let me put your cross on my
shoulders and let my wife take
a picture of me with your cross
on my shoulders?" There was a
strange light in Mr. Lang's eyes
and a faint suggestion of a smile
around his lips as he said this
rather strange thing, "You may if
you can." Think of the grammar
of that just a little bit: "You
may if you can." So the man
stooped down, tried to put his
fingers under Mr. Anton Lang's
cross, but his fingers slipped off
and out, and he looked at Mr.
Lang rather startled, and Mr.
Lang saw him take a new grip
on the cross and, the man-kind of
hugged it up and lifted it to
his knees and he could not lift
it any further, and he let it drop
with a thud. Straightening him-
self up, panting from his exertion,
he said, "Oh, Mr. Lang, your cross
is so heavy!" Then there was an-
other strange light in Mr. Lang's
eyes and the faint suggestion of
a smile around his lips was not
there. He said, "Sir, I cannot
represent my Christ with a light
cross."

I would have you know today,
nor can you! I would have you
know that I cannot represent my
Christ with a light cross. Let us
be willing to take any cross, call-
ing it all joy, until that day when
we lay it down and receive that
crown laid up for all who love His
appearing.

Let us sing, "Must Jesus Bear
the Cross Alone." Would you be
willing to say as we sing it, "Must
Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?" As
we sing it, if you are in that road
that leads to the dead dog down
yonder, or on that chase that
brings you nothing more worth-
while than a flea, get out of it and
get in the highway that leads to
glory with Christ as your Com-
panion in leadership as well as
comradeship.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for ev'ry one,

And there's a cross for me."
I want us to sing one other
verse. I want to ask this; I want
to ask every human being in this
house who is willing to say from
his heart and from her heart, "No
matter how heavy the cross God
would have me bear, I will bear
it." If you will say that to Him,
put up your hand while we sing
this verse,

"Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat."

We are going to sing that first
verse again. And if you are here in
the wrong road, if you do not have
Christ as your Saviour but you
will take Him as your Saviour,
will you just stick your hand up
and take it down while we sing
this first verse again? Will you?

My Decision for Christ

You have read the above blessed
message by Dr. Lee. Surely your
heart has been stirred. Perhaps
you have been wasting your life,
living for sin or for pleasure, chas-
ing after dead dogs and fleas. If
you are unconverted, unsaved, God
wants you to repent today and
give your heart to Christ, wants
you to trust Him as your own
Saviour. Will you do it? If you
like, sign this decision blank to-
day, copy it in a letter, clip and
send it, or write in your own
words. We will tell Dr. Lee so
that he may rejoice with us and
the editor and write you an earn-
est letter of counsel and encour-
agement.

Evangelist John R. Rice, Editor
The Sword of the Lord
214 W. Wesley St.
Wheaton, Illinois.

Dear Brother Rice:

After reading Dr. Lee's great
sermon, "Chasing Dead Dogs and
Fleas," I realize I am a guilty
lost sinner, unsaved. Here and
now I repent of my sins, I come
to Christ for salvation, trusting
Him to forgive my sins and save
my soul this very day. I write
this to claim Christ as my own
Saviour. Please tell Dr. Lee. With
God's help, I will try to live for
Him from this time on.

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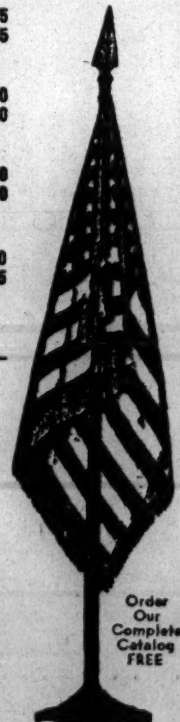
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UNSEEN RESOURCES

(Continued from page four)
claimed me. I try to drive carefully, but I know that my wisdom and skill are not sufficient. So day by day I commit myself to the care of a loving Heavenly Father, and thus far through the years He has surrounded me with a convoy of angels who have kept me safe on my journeys. It is sweet to depend on the supernatural care of the messengers of God who are ministers, or servants, of us who are the heirs of salvation. I claim and delight in the protection of unseen angels.

All children of God in times of danger or distress should claim these unseen resources. And this protection extends even to little children, for Jesus said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven" (Matt. 18:10).

God Give Us Eyes to See the Unseen!

Our lives are geared too much to this sorry old sin-cursed world. Christians, unfortunately, often think as much of the things of this world as do their unsaved kinsmen. We are as anxious sometimes to make money, to have position and power and to be well spoken of by men as if we knew nothing of a far better world. Children of God are sometimes so fond of the treasures that can be

deposited in banks and with which one can buy houses, clothes and automobiles, that they do not lay up treasures in Heaven. Eye glasses sometimes have two lenses; one for seeing near at hand, and another for seeing far away. Children of God who will inherit the kingdom with Christ ought to spend more time looking through their long-distance glasses. God knows we need to develop "other-worldliness." The Scripture says about this:

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things

which are not seen are eternal" (II Cor. 4:17, 18).

Our God has wells in the desert if we but have our eyes open to behold them. There is a ram caught in the bushes when you need a sacrifice. The Lord Jesus Christ has all His righteousness available for us when we call for it. Christ died for you and His blood is available to cover every sin you ever did or ever will commit. Look away from yourself to Christ, the Lamb that God has provided.

Unseen angels are round about God's children, Heavenly messengers and ministers who wait on the heirs of salvation. Let us never be afraid. The chariots of God are more than the armies of Satan. What comforting joy it

should be to know that the heavenly host is our body-guard.

Christ is ours, and He is near at hand. God is in this place where you sit today to read these words.

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but are mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds (II Cor. 10:4).

Our weapons are invincible, intangible, but mighty, like all our resources.

There are too many poverty-stricken Christians. The riches of all creation are ours if we call upon, believe in, and rejoice over the mighty, the unseen, the eternal things that are ours. May God open our eyes to see the well in the wilderness, the Lamb which God has provided and the unrecognized Lord and Saviour, the One who walks by our side!

BOOKS THAT "BLESS AND BURN"

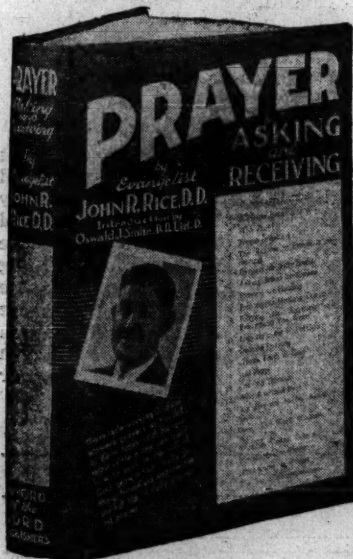
By Evangelist
JOHN R. RICE, D.D., Litt.D.

That's what the Christian Herald said—the most popular Christian magazine in America (290,000 circulation monthly), and that statement in a sense fits all these books. Of **The Ruin of a Christian**, by Dr. Rice, the Christian Herald said:

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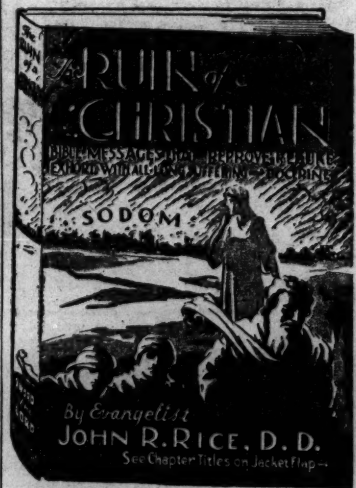
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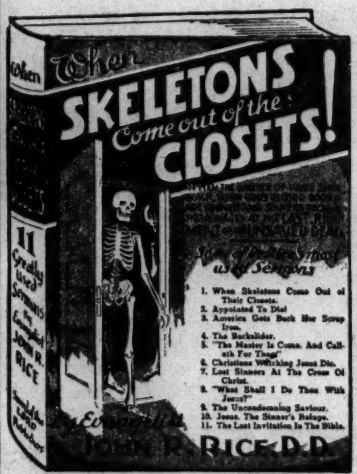
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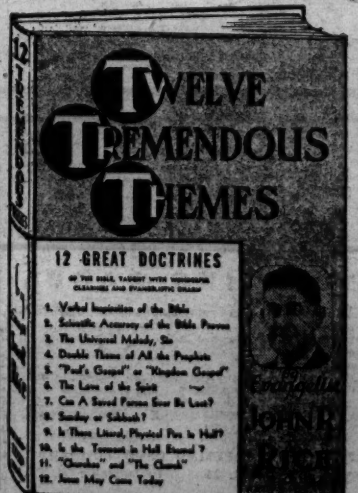
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